2d

THE EARTH-QUAKE OF JAMAICA,

Describ'd in a

Pindarick Poem.

By Mr. TUTCHIN.

——— namq; Dies piter
Igni coruſco nubila dividens
Plerumq; per purum tonantes
Egit Equos volucremq; currum,
Quo bruta Tellus & vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, & inviſi horrida Tœnari
Sedes, Atlanteuſq; finis
Concutitur. Valet ima ſummis
Mutare, ------

Horat. lib. 1. Ode 34.

LONDON,

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THE
Earthquake of Jamaica
Deſcrib'd in a POEM.

I.

WEll may our Lives bear an uncertain date;
Diſturb'd with Maladies within,
Without by croſs Events of Fate,
The worſt of Plagues on Mortals wait,
Pride, Ignorance and Sin.
If our ancient Mother Earth,
Who gave us all untimely Birth,
Such ſtrong Hyſterick Paſſion feels;
If Orbs are from their Axles torn,
And Mountains into Valleys worn,
All in a moments ſpace,
Can humane Race
Stand on their Legs when Nature Reels?
Unhappy Man! in all things croſs'd,
On every giddy Wave of Fortune toſs'd:
The only thing that aims at Sway,
And yet capricious Fate muſt ſtill Obey;
Travels for Wealth to Foreign Lands,
O're ſcorching Mountains, and o're deſart Sands,
Laden with Gold, when homeward bound,
Is in one vaſt impetuous Billow drown'd:
Or if he reaches to the Shoar,
And there unlades his Oar,
Builds Towns and Houſes which may laſt and ſtand,
Thinking no Wealth ſo ſure as firm Land;
Yet Fate the Animal does ſtill purſue;
This ſlides from underneath his Feet, and leaves him too.

En-

II.

Environ'd with Ten Thouſand Fears we live,
For Fate do's ſeldom a juſt warning give;
Quicker than Thought its dire Reſolves are made,
And ſwift as Lightning flies,
Around the vaſt extended Skies:
All things are by its Bolts in vaſt Confuſion laid.
Sometimes a Flaming Comet does appear,
Whoſe very Viſage does pronounce,
Decay of Kingdoms, and the Fall of Crowns,
Inteſtine War, or Peſtilential Year;
Sometimes a Hurricane of Fate,
Does on ſome great Mans Exit wait,
A murder'd *Corniſh*, or ſome *Hercules*,
When from their Trunks Almighty *Jove*,
Who breaks with Thunder weighty Clouds above,
To Honour theſe
Large Pines and Oaks does Lop,
And in a Whirlwind lays 'em upon *Oeta*'s Top.
E're this vaſt Orb ſhall unto Chaos turn,
And with Conſuming Flames ſhall burn,
An Angel Trumpeter ſhall come,
Whoſe Noiſe ſhall ſhake the Maſſie Ground,
In one ſhort moment ſhall expreſs,
His Notes to the whole Univerſe;
The very Dead ſhall hear his Sound,
And from their Graves repair,
To the impartial Bar,
Thoſe that have been in the deep Ocean drown'd,
Shall at his Call come to receive their Doom.

III.

But here, alas! no Omens fly,
No ſecret Whiſper of their Deſtiny
Was heard; none cou'd divine
When Fate wou'd ſpring the Mine:
Safe and ſecure the Mortals go,
Not dreaming of a Hell below;

In

In the dark Caverns of the gloomy Earth,
Where ſuffocating Sulphur has its Birth,
And ſparkling Nitre's made,
Where *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* prove;
The Thunderbolts they make for *Jove*;
Here *Æolus* his Winds has laid,
Here is his Windy Palace, here 'tis ſaid
His Race of little puffing Gods are bred,
Which ſerve for Bellows to blow up the Flame,
The dire Ingredients are in order plac'd,
Which muſt anon lay Towns and Cities waſte.
Strait the black Engineer of Heaven came,
His Match a Sun-beam was,
He ſwift as Time unto the Train did paſs,
It ſoon took Fire; The Fire and Winds contend,
But both concur the Vaulted Earth to rend;
It upwards roſe, and then it downwards fell,
Aiming at Heaven, it ſunk to Hell:
The Neighb'ring Seas now own no more,
The ſturdy Bulwarks of the Shoar,
The gaping Earth and greedy Sea,
Are both contending for the Prey;
Thoſe whom the rav'nous Earth had ta'ne,
Into her Bowels back again
Are waſh't from thence by the inſulting Main.

IV.

The Old and Young receive alike their Doom,
The Cowards and the Brave,
Are buried in one Grave;
For Fate allows 'em all one Common Tomb.
The Aged and the Wiſe
Loſe all their Reaſon in the great Surpriſe.
They know not where to go,
And yet they dare not ſtay,
There's Fire and Smoak below,
And the Earth gaping to receive the Prey:
If to the Houſes Top they Crawl,
Theſe tumble too, and downwards fall:

And if they fly into the Street,
There grizly Death they meet;
All in a hurry dye away,
The wicked had not time to pray.
The Soldier once cou'd teach grim Death to kill,
In vain is all his Skill,
In vain he brandiſheth his Steel:
No more the Art of War muſt teach,
Bnt lyes Fates Trophy underneath the Breach:
The good Companions now no more Carouſe,
They ſhare the Fate of the declining Houſe,
Healths to their Friends their Bumpers Crown'd:
But while they put the Glaſſes round,
Death ſteps between the Cup and Lip,
Nor would it let 'em take one parting Sip.

V.

The Mine is ſprung, and a large Breach is made,
Whereat ſtrong Troops of Warring Seas invade;
Theſe overflow;
Where Houſes ſtood and Graſs did grow,
All ſorts of Fiſh reſort:
They had Dominions large enough before,
But now unbounded by the Shoar,
They o're the Tops of Houſes ſport.
The Watry Fry their Legions do extend,
And for the new ſlain Prey contend;
Within the Houſes now they roam,
Into their Foe, the very Kitchen, come.
One does the Chimney-hearth aſſail,
Another flaps the Kettle with his ſlimy Tail.
No Image there of Death is ſeen,
No Cook-maid does obſtruct their Sway,
They have entirely got the day.
Thoſe who have once devour'd been
By Mankind, now on Man do Feed:
Thus Fate decides, and ſteps between,
And ſometimes gives the Slave the Victors meed.
The Beauteous Virgins whom the Gods might love,
Cou'd not the Curſe of Heav'n remove;

Their

Their goodneſs might for Crimes Atone,
Inexorable Death ſpares none.
Their tender Fleſh lately ſo plump and good,
Is now made Fiſhes and Sea-monſters Food;
In vain they cry,
Heav'n is grown Deaf, and no Petition hears,
Their Sighs are anſwer'd like their Lovers Pray'rs,
They in the Univerſal Ruin lye.

VI.

Nor is inexorable Fate content
To ruine one poor Town alone;
More Miſchief by the Blow is done:
Death's on a farther Meſſage ſent.
When Fate a Garriſon does Sack,
The very Suburbs do partake
Of Martial Law,
Its Forces draw
To every Mountain, Field and Wood,
They Ravage all the Neighbourhood.
Worſe than the weak Aſſaults of Steel,
Its Inſtruments of Death all places feel.
They undiſcover'd, like fell Poiſon kill,
Its Warriours fierce,
The Earth, the Air, and Men do pierce;
And mounted, fight upon the winged Winds.
Here a great Mountain in a Valley's thrown,
And there a Valley to a Mountain grown.
The very Breath of an incenſed God,
Makes even proud *Olympus* Nod.
Chang'd is the Beauty of the fruitful Iſle,
And its fair Woods lopp'd for its Funeral Pile.
The moving Earth forms it ſelf in Waves,
And Curls its Surface like the Rowling Seas;
VVhilſt Man (that little thing) ſo vainly Raves;
Nothing but Heaven can its own VVrath appeaſe.

VII.

But Fate at length thought fit to leave its Toil,
And greedy Death was glutted with the Spoil.

As

As weary Soldiers having try'd their Steel,
Half drown'd with Blood, do then deſiſt to kill.
More Ruin wou'd a ſecond Deluge make,
Blot out the Name of the unhappy Iſle.
It fares with her as when in Martial Field,
Reſolv'd and Brave, and loath to yield,
Two num'rous Armies do contend,
And with repeated Shouts the Air do Rend.
VVhilſt the affrighted Earth does ſhake,
Some large Battalions are entirely loſt,
AndVVarring Squadrons from the mighty Hoſt:
Here by a Shot does fall
Some Potent General;
And near to him,
Another loſes but a Limb.
Part of the Iſland was a Prey to Fate,
And all the reſt dos but prolong its date,
'Till injur'd Heav'n finds,
Its Bolts a Terror ſtrike on humane Minds;
Sure we may hope the Sinners there Repent,
Since it has made their lewdeſt Prieſt Relent.

FINIS.